

Hingham, Feb. 4, '41.

My dear Caroline,

Have you survived, under all the labors and difficulties that surrounded you when I last saw you? And do you still exist, after having wound up the affairs of the Fair, and settled the estate, with your school keeping, & your bad cold into the bargain? If you do, and are in tolerable health, never shall I despair of the Republic. Never need they tell me that woman soon wearies, that she fails in resolute perseverance.

By the way, have you seen the last number of the Boston Quarterly, and the exquisite piece upon woman that it contains. It is so just, and so discriminating, & expressed my feelings so entirely, that, although I took it up with great nonchalance, & supposed that it would contain much truth and much falsehood, as Mr. Brownson's articles generally do, ~~that~~ I became so much interested and so much excited, that the tears flowed fast before I finished it. A curious effect was it not, and one that must be peculiar to my self I think. You sometimes flatter me, by saying that our characters are somewhat alike; but I suspect that I am the more tearful and the more desponding of the two. I often, when I am reading upon a very interesting subject, and the truths expressed are what I heartily approve, find myself obliged to seek my own room, and leave all company. You, Caroline, I think can never be affected in this manner, and perhaps for this reason. You have power to clothe your thoughts and emotions in expressive language. I have not, except in a very imperfect degree, & when I find my deepest and strongest emotions expressed in the words of another, the joy that I feel entirely overcomes me. I hope if you have not read the short piece that has led to this long digression, that you will, although I am

not sure that it will satisfy ~~you~~ ^{me} so entirely as it did me. I suppose you have not yet heard from your sister Maria. How eager we shall all be to hear from her, about St Domingo; we and every body, who has read Miss Martineau's book. What a paradise she makes the Island to be, & what a divine man she makes her hero. I want very much to know something more of Toussaint and have ransacked the library to see if I could find any thing relating to him, but I have only found a few pages in Scott's Life of Napoleon, and how much of that is true, I have no means of knowing. Every thing that Mrs. Chapman will write, will be read with great interest now, at least with those who will read Miss Martineau. I suppose some in our community are so prejudiced against her, that they will not read her book.

I am pleased that you got through the Annual Meeting so well. I have heard something about it from our neighbor Mr. Lincoln, & saw something in the last Liberator. But what is the matter with Nathaniel Cohen, has he sold himself to the Devil? and ^{has} the wicked spirit got entire possession of him? It seems to me that nothing short of this metamorphosis can account for his conduct. And what audacity to attempt to justify himself. That he is a wolf in sheep's clothing, I have been certain ever since I heard him in Chardon St Chapel discuss the Non Resistance principles with Henry C. Wright. Such an expression as he has, never belonged to an honest face. It is wonderful that he did not see that these letters would injure him in the end, much more than they would Mr. Garrison. But it is a true proverb, that the author of mischiefs always leads people into difficulty and leaves them to get out as they can. I suppose now that your sister Chapman is gone, double duty comes upon you and your other sisters, but I hope you will not kill yourself outright in the anti-Slavery.

very on any other Cause. We have just had an Anti Slavery
Meeting and united the Male & Female Societies. We
were obliged to do so, in order to keep each other warm. There
are so very few that have any zeal, that their union seems
to be necessary to keep up any degree of life and heat. We are
to discuss the propriety of using slave labor at our next
meeting. I have just seen a column in the Post, upon
the A. S. Meeting last week. What folly to undertake, to
write upon a subject one knows nothing about. The writ-
ter betrays as much ignorance of the Anti Slavery Cause
as you would suppose an Esquimaux would have just from
the Polar Sea. Mrs. Luther B. Lincoln is staying a few
days in Hingham. She is quite ill, & is troubled with
weak eyes. Her brother has become totally blind. I hear
through her, that Mr. Lincoln & Dr. Willard take the Aboli-
tionist, & have got the impression with others all around
them, that Garrison is entirely unworthy of respect or
confidence. I think New Organization is a curious com-
pound of falsehood and deception, sanctity and holy zeal,
or it never would have the effect that it does upon the
religious and the irreligious, the saint and the hypo-
crite. It is very evident that the movers in the game
understand men, and women too, in the main. Infidel-
ity is the great bugbear they make use of in talking to the
women, and with the men, when that doesn't answer, they
pull upon some other string. We are about sending
up some Liberator's to Dedfield to set them right.
Caroline, I wish you would come and see how well your
pictures look in their new frames, and new position.
I am very much pleased with them, & Mr. Smith is even
more pleased than I am. How is your sister Deborah. Give
my love to her when you see her, & say to her that I wish I
could see her in Hingham. Maria & Mr. Smith send their
love & remembrances &c. &c. Your friend, E. Lincoln. S. Smith.

E. A. S. Smith

1841

Miss Caroline Weston

Boston

Ms.